

The Tragedie of Hamlet

beast, tis not so, it beginnes with *Pirrhbus*, the rugged *Pirrhbus*, he whose
fable Armes,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'omynous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and empast with the parching streetes
That lend a tirratus and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cis'd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Pirrhbus*
Old grandfire *Priam* seekes; so proceede you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good

Play. Anon he finds him, (discretion,

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhbus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerved father fals:

Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopest to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhbus* eare, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhbus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhbus* pause,
A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhbus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's
for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatening the flames
With *Bison* rehome, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steep't,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounst;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirrhbus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turnd his cullour, and has teares in's
eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his de-
sert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor
and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your boun-
ty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, wee heare a play to morrowe; dost thou
heare